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Summary: When the group drags Mike to another carnival that's in town, he comes across something different that helps him with his depression over everything that happened the previous summer. Season 3 spoilers.

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It went without saying that Mike was depressed. With his girlfriend and best friend having moved away to who knows where, Mike didn't want to see his family, he didn't want to talk to his friends, he didn't want to do anything. He just sat in his room and sulked.

Well, his friends weren't having that. They wanted to see the Mike Wheeler they all knew and loved again. So, deciding enough was enough, they let themselves into the Wheeler house and immediately went up to his room and started pounding on the locked door.

"Mike! Open the door, Mike!" Dustin yelled.

"Go away, you guys! I don't want to talk right now" Mike said back.

Lucas was next, "You've been saying that for a month straight, man! We miss you! We care about you! The Fall Carnival is in town for the weekend and we want you to come with us!"

"Go by yourselves! You'll have more fun without this stick in the mud."

Max started up, "Mike, we're not going without you! And just to make sure of this, we brought an insurance policy."

"Oh, really? What's that?"

He heard another voice say, "Come on, shithead, you can't just sit around in your sorrows all the time, trust me, I should know."

"You can go away too, Steve!"

"I will break down the door and drag you out by your hair, kid, don't tempt me."

Mike wasn't sure how to take that at first, "You're bluffing, you wouldn't do that."

"I'm ready for ramming speed, Mike, one...two...thr-"

"OK! OK!"

In an instant, Mike got up, unlocked the door and came out, "Fine, I'll go to the stupid carnival with you guys, but I won't have a good time" he said stubbornly.

Dustin grabbed him by the shoulder, "Hey, we're getting you out of the house, that's step one, right?"

Steve drove them to the carnival and was good enough to pay the admittance fee. Once everyone got inside, Mike quickly made some distance between himself and his friends. They let him go, saying that at least he's here and that was better than nothing.

Mike was walking his way throughout the various rides, games and booths selling fried crap on sticks refusing to see the glass as anything but half-empty.

"This shouldn't even be here. With everything that happened at the last carnival we had, I'm surprised this one just didn't skip us." Mike mumbled to himself before turning to look at something that caught his eye.

It was a very small tent almost inconspicuous compared to the bigger ones on either side of it. Mike was a little intrigued and stepped closer to read the sign:

Madame Luna's Fortune Tellings

For Only 5 Dollars She Will Amaze You

With What She Will Know

"Five bucks for a phoney baloney psychic? My ass" Mike said to himself, but no sooner had the words left his mouth then he heard a really thick accent from inside the tent, "Comb in, yunk man! And see for chorself vhat I truly am capable uf!"

Mike was a little freaked out but tried to reason it out, "She has a camera out here, that's it, she can see me."

Eventually, Mike decided go in, it looked pretty standard, candles,

skulls, there was a small table up ahead with a crystal ball on it where a lady was sitting. She looked up at Mike and continued in her accent "Ah, my yunk friend! Chu decided to test ze vaters as it vere and see vhat I can do?"

Mike gave this old lady a once-over, he thought if she was a psychic, she looked old enough to predict Custer's future at the last stand. But, he decided to humor her.

"Madame Luna? Yeah, well, I figured, what the hell? It's five dollars, right?" Mike said reaching for his wallet.

She cut him off, "Vait! chor destiny first. Money later" she gestured her bony hand towards the other chair, "Zit down."

Mike did as he was instructed. She reached out to him.

"Take my hand."

Mike, while still skeptical, took her weathered old hand as instructed.

Madame Luna closed her own eyes and appeared to be deep in thought.

"Oh...oh my gootness...zis is most fascinatink...I could tell zere have been evil forces in zis town ven I first stepped foot, but...chu have had a close connection to zem...much pain, much sufferink" Mike rolled his eyes, thinking she probably heard about all of this on the news, to which she opened one eye and asked Mike abruptly, "Chu don't belief me?"

Mike was a little surprised at this, but decided to be honest, "I'm sorry. No, I don't. What you've said, it all sounds too easy to know."

He was expecting her to be mad, but she wasn't, she smiled, "Zat is fair, zere are a great many charlatans in my line of vork and no one truly vants to be deceived...vould chu belief me if I said I knew zat from all zis pain and suffering, chu found luf? The truest and most honest luf that comes about only vunce in a lifetime?"

Mike was starting to get a little surprised but still part of him thought she could be pulling this out of nowhere. He stammered out a

response.

"L-lucky...guess?"

Madame Luna continued to smile at him, "I also know zat chu are separated from ze one chu chare zis luf with. She is also wit a dear friend of chors...and zat losing zem has been most painful. To ze point where ze older boy threatened to break down ze door if chu didn't come wit chor friends to ze carnival tonight."

Mike's eyes shot open and he looked right at her in shock, "How...how did-"

"A lucky guess?" Madame Luna said with a small chuckle, "Now...Michael...gaze wit me into ze crystal ball and see chor true future."

Still holding her hand, Mike looked into the ball and he actually saw an image and it was starting to grow, bigger and bigger, until it came out of the ball and filled up the space of the tent and Mike saw that he was sitting in the living room of a large, very nice house. He looked over and saw a man walk into the room in a business suit tying his tie and it hit Mike, the business man was him, as a grown up. This was his house, this was his life. Then, he heard a female voice say, "Oh, Mike!" in a musical tone.

He saw the woman come in and Mike almost couldn't believe his own eyes, It was El! Older yes, but he would know her anywhere, still the same short hair, the same brown eyes, the same short stature, the same amazing smile and obviously still every bit as beautiful as she was now. She was holding a small baby on her hip and said "Someone wanted to say goodbye to her daddy."

Older Mike looked at Older El and gently took the baby from her arms, "Is someone gonna miss me while I'm at work? Don't worry, I'll be home before you know it" he said in a cheery tone which made the baby coo lightly.

"Won't be soon enough" Older El said, to which older Mike stepped up and pulled her in for a kiss causing her to move both of her hands to the sides of his face while he gently held their daughter.

Then, everything disappeared in a puff of smoke, Mike was back in the tent and Madame Luna let go of his hand as he was trying to absorb everything he had just seen.

"Is...is that real? I mean...me knowing about it won't change anything?" He asked.

Madame Luna looked at him with much wisdom in her eyes, "What is seen in the crystal is true fate and, for better or verse, cannot be changed."

Mike smiled, happy that, in spite of everything he was going through now. He had a bright future to look forward to.

"Thank you, Madame Luna. For everything. It's five dollars, right?"

She held up her old hand, "Keep chor money, chu vill need it, but, may I offer some advice?"

"Sure" Mike said, willing to listen to anything she had to say at this point.

"Chor friends truly care about your vell-being and vant to see you happy. Shutting zem out will harm chor happiness with zem. Zey may not show it, but zey also feel great pain from losing ones zey care about, confide in zem, lean on zem and all of chu vill grow stronger as a result."

Mike realized she was right, he had been selfish in only thinking of his own pain. He got up, gave another thank you and left, knowing he had some talking to do.

Madame Luna sat at her table and said to herself with a smile, "I didn't even half to tell him about ze chief still being alive. Zey'll find out on zheir own. Until zen, anozer satisfied customer."